

# CASTLE ROCK

FEBRUARY 1985

## The Stephen King Newsletter

ISSUE #2

\*\*\*\*\*  
Thanks to all who subscribed last month! There's been great response and many people have been spreading the word--among them, Sheryl Mayer, Terrie Bagnato, Marsha Eicholtz, Sherry Gottlieb. Mostly good words have come our way, with the only complaint being that this type is hard to read, so we'll be varying the type style in future issues. All those who subscribe by May 1st will be eligible to win one of three prizes--we will draw for a copy of THE DARK TOWER, a copy of CYCLE OF THE WEREWOLF, and a CASTLE ROCK t-shirt, all signed, of course! First drawn will get their choice of prize, as will the second drawn. Spread the word. We appreciate it.  
\*\*\*\*\*

If you picked up PEOPLE (January 28th issue) last month, you saw an interview with SK and Peter Straub in the "Pages" section. They discuss writing THE TALISMAN. Peter Straub was also interviewed in the January issue of WRITER'S DIGEST, and among other things he talks about collaborating with SK on THE TALISMAN. And National Public Radio broadcast an interview with them in the early part of the month--some of you may have caught it on an early morning broadcast. Other interesting items in print: THE WALL STREET JOURNAL ran an article on collecting limited editions in their January 14th issue, the title of the article being "When Buying Rare Books, Remember: Go for Stephen King, Not Galsworthy". Worth the read if you are into first editions & limiteds. A reader from Virginia sent along a copy of an article run in a Norfolk based magazine which mentioned THE DARK TOWER, speculating as to why it is so difficult to find, and publishing an address for SK, which brought in a flood of mail from Virginia. The piece speculated that perhaps THE DARK TOWER was a "dark flop", and that was why it couldn't be found! We heard from a fan of THE GUIDING LIGHT that SK was mentioned on that show last month. One of the characters was trapped under a bed and said it was like an SK novel--a bed come alive!  
\*\*\*\*\*

Jeff Connor of Scream/Press tells us that the SKELETON CREW limited will be available in May. It will be 7 1/2 by 11, about 500 pages, with 60 black and white illustrations and 4 color plates by artist JK Potter. To get your copy, send \$75.00 plus \$3.00 postage (and tax, if required) to Scream/Press, Box 8531, Santa Cruz, CA 95061. He will send confirmation of your order.  
\*\*\*\*\*

Many people have asked us about the unexpurgated edition of THE STAND--it had been mentioned in interviews and in THE ART OF DARKNESS. At this point the project is shelved due to contract difficulties. There is no sign of a resumption of the project, but if and when there is, we'll let you know. As for the film version, it is still being planned in conjunction with Laurel Entertainment, producers of CREEPSHOW and the upcoming PET SEMETARY. No start-up date yet.  
\*\*\*\*\*

### BLOOM COUNTY

by Berke Breathed



Originally published in 1984 this strip was reprinted with the kind permission of the cartoonist.



DOLAN'S CADILLAC

by  
Stephen King

"Revenge is a dish best eaten cold."

Spanish proverb

1.

I waited and watched for seven years. I saw him come and go--Dolan. I watched him go into fancy restaurants dressed in a tuxedo, always with a different woman on his arm, always with his pair of bodyguards bookending him. I watched his hair go from iron-gray to a fashionable silver while my own hair simply receded until I was bald. I watched him leave Las Vegas on his regular pilgrimages to the West Coast; I watched him return. On two or three occasions I watched from a side road as his Sedan DeVille, the same color as his hair, swept by on Route 71 toward Los Angeles. And on a few occasions I watched him leave his place in the Hollywood Hills in the same gray Cadillac to return to Las Vegas--not often, though. I am a school teacher. School teachers and high-priced hoodlums do not have the same freedom of movement.

He did not know I was watching him--I never came close enough for him to know that. I was careful.

He killed my wife or had her killed; it comes to the same, either way. Do you want details? You'll not get them from me. If you want them, look them up in the back issues of the papers. My wife's name was Elizabeth. She taught in the same school where I taught and where I teach still. She taught first graders. They loved her, and I think that some of them may not have forgotten their love still, although they would be teenagers now. I loved her and love her still, certainly. She was not beautiful but she was pretty. She was quiet, but she could laugh. I dream of her. Of her hazel eyes. There has never been another woman for me. Nor ever will be.

He slipped--Dolan. That's all you have to know. And Elizabeth was there, at the wrong place and the wrong time, to see the slip. She went to the police, and the police sent her to the FBI, and she was questioned, and she said yes, she would testify. They promised to protect her, but either they slipped or they underestimated Dolan. She got into her car one night and there was dynamite wired to the ignition and the dynamite made me a widower. He made me a widower--Dolan.

With no witness to testify, he was let free.

DOLAN'S CADILLAC

COPYRIGHT ©1985 by Stephen King

He went back to his world, I to mine. The penthouse apartment in Vegas for him, the empty house for me. The succession of beautiful women in furs and sequined evening dresses for him, the silence for me. The gray Cadillacs, four of them over the years, for him, and the ageing Buick Riviera for me. His hair went silver while mine just went.

But I watched.

I was careful--oh, yes! Very careful. I knew what he was, what he could do. I knew he would step on me like a bug if he saw or sensed what I meant for him. So I was careful.

2.

During my summer vacation three years ago I followed him (at a prudent distance) to Los Angeles, where he went frequently. He stayed in his fine house and threw parties (I watched the comings and goings from a safe shadow at the end of the block, fading back when the police cars made their frequent patrols), and I stayed in a cheap hotel where people played their radios too loud and neon light from the topless bar across the street shone in the window. I fell asleep on those nights and dreamed of her hazel eyes, dreamed that none of it had ever happened and woke up sometimes with tears drying on my face.

I came close to losing hope.

He was well guarded, you see; so well guarded. He went nowhere without those two heavily armed gorillas with him, and the Cadillac itself was armor plated. The big radial tires it rolled on were of the self-sealing type favored by dictators in small, uneasy countries.

Then, that last time, I saw how it could be done--but I did not see it until after I'd had a very bad scare.

As always, I followed him back to Las Vegas at a prudent distance, always keeping at least a mile between us, sometimes two, sometimes three. Sometimes as we crossed the desert heading east his car was no more than a sunflash on the horizon and I looked at it and thought about Elizabeth, how the sun looked on her hair.

I was far behind on this occasion. It was the middle of the week, and traffic on U.S. 71 was very light. When traffic is light, tailing becomes dangerous--even a grammar school teacher knows that. I passed an orange sign which read DETOUR 5 MILES and dropped back even further. Desert detours slow traffic to a crawl, and I didn't want to chance coming up behind the gray Cadillac

#####  
DOLAN'S CADILLAC, cont.

as the driver babied it over some rutted secondary road.

DETOUR 3 MILES, the next sign read, and below that: BLASTING AREA AHEAD, TURN OFF 2-WAY RADIO.

I began to muse on some movie I had seen years before. In this film a band of armed robbers had tricked an armored car into the desert by putting up false detour signs. Once the driver fell for the trick and turned off onto a deserted dirt road (there are thousands of them in the desert, sheep roads and ranch-roads and old government roads that go nowhere), the thieves had removed the signs, assuring isolation, and then had simply laid siege to the armored car until the guards came out.

They killed the guards.

I remembered that.

They killed the guards.

I reached the detour and turned onto it. The road was as bad as I had imagined--packed dirt, two lanes wide, filled with potholes that made my old Buick jounce and groan. The Buick needed new shock absorbers, but shocks are an expense a school-teacher sometimes has to put off, even when he is a widower with no children and no hobbies except his dreams of revenge.

As the Buick bounced and wallowed along, an idea occurred to me. Instead of following Dolan's Cadillac the next time it left Vegas for L.A. or L.A. for Vegas, I would pass it--get ahead of it. I would create a false detour like the one in the movie, luring it out into the wastes that exist, silent and rimmed by mountains, west of Las Vegas. Then I would remove the signs, as the thieves had done in the movie--

I snapped back to reality suddenly. Dolan's Cadillac was ahead of me, directly ahead of me, pulled off to one side of the dusty track. One of the tires, self-sealing or not, was flat. No--not just flat. It was exploded, half off the rim. The culprit had probably been a sharp wedge of rock stuck in the hardpan like a miniature tank-trap. One of the two bodyguards was working a jack under the front end. The second--an ogre with a pig-face streaming sweat under his brush-cut--stood protectively beside Dolan himself. Even in the desert, you see, they took no chances.

Dolan stood to one side, slim in an open-throated shirt and dark slacks, his silver hair blowing around his head in a desert breeze. He was smoking a cigarette

and watching the men as if he was somewhere else, a restaurant or a drawing-room, perhaps.

His eyes met mine through the windshield of my car and then slid off with no recognition at all, although he had seen me once, seven years ago (when I had hair!), at a preliminary hearing, sitting beside my wife.

My terror at having caught up with the Cadillac was replaced with an utter fury.

I thought of leaning over and unrolling the passenger window and shrieking: How dare you forget me? How dare you dismiss me? Oh, but that would have been the act of a lunatic. It was good that he had forgotten me, it was fine that he had dismissed me. Better to be a mouse behind the wainscoting, nibbling at the wires.

The man sweating the jack flagged me, but Dolan wasn't the only one capable of dismissal. I look indifferently beyond the arm-waver, wishing him a heart attack or a stroke, or best of all, both at the same time. I drove on--but my head pulsed and throbbed, and for a few moments the mountains on the horizon seemed to double and even treble.

If I'd had a gun! I thought. If only I'd had a gun! I could have ended his rotten miserable life right then if I'd only had a gun!

Miles later some sort of reason reasserted itself. If I'd had a gun, the only thing I could have been sure of was getting myself killed. If I'd had a gun I could have pulled over when the man at the jack beckoned me, and gotten out, and begun spraying bullets wildly around the deserted landscape. I might have wounded someone. Then I would have been killed, and buried in a shallow grave, and Dolan would have gone on escorting the beautiful women and making pilgrimages between Las Vegas and Los Angeles in his silver Cadillac while the desert animals unearthed my remains and fought over my bones under the cold moon. For Elizabeth there would have been no revenge--none at all.

The man who travelled with him were trained to kill. I was trained to teach third graders.

This was not a movie, I told myself as I returned to the highway and passed an orange END CONSTRUCTION THE STATE OF NEVADA THANKS YOU sign. And if I ever made the mistake of confusing reality with a movie, of thinking a balding third-grade teacher with myopia could ever be Dirty Harry anywhere outside of his own day-dreams, there would never be any revenge, ever.

But could there be revenge, ever? Could there be?

My idea of creating a fake detour was as romantic and unrealistic as the idea of jumping out of my old Buick and spraying the three of

#####



\*\*\*\*\*

DOLAN'S CADILLAC, cont.

them with bullets--me, who had not fired a gun since the age of sixteen and who had never fired a handgun.

Such a thing would not be possible without a band of conspirators--even the movie I had seen, romantic as it had been, had made that clear. There had been eight or nine of them in two separate groups, staying in touch with each other by walkie talkie. One group followed the armored car. The other stayed behind to remove the detour signs. And...yes. There had been another man in a small plane, cruising above the highway to make sure the armored car was relatively isolated as it approached the right spot on the highway.

A plot no doubt dreamed up by some overweight screenwriter sitting by his swimming pool with a pina colada by one hand and a fresh supply of Pentel pens and an Edgar Wallace plot-wheel by the other. And even that fellow had needed a small army to fulfill his idea. I was only one man.

It wouldn't work. It was just a momentary false gleam, like the others I'd had over the years--the idea that maybe I could put some sort of poison gas in Dolan's air conditioning system, or plant a bomb in his Los Angeles house, or perhaps obtain some really deadly weapon--a bazooka, let us say--and turn his damned silver Cadillac into a fireball as it raced east toward Vegas or west toward L.A. along 71.

Best to dismiss it.

But it wouldn't go.

Cut him out, the voice inside that spoke for Elizabeth kept whispering. Cut him out the way an experienced sheep-dog cuts a ewe out of the flock when his master points. Detour him out into the emptiness and kill him. Kill them all.

Wouldn't work. If I would recognize no other truth, I ought to at least allow that a man who had survived as long as Dolan must have a carefully honed sense of survival--honed to the point of paranoia, perhaps. He and his men would see through the detour trick in a minute.

They turned down this one today, the voice that spoke for Elizabeth responded. They never even hesitated. They went just like Mary's little lamb.

But I knew--yes, somehow I did!--that men like Dolan, men who are really more like wolves than men, develop a sort of sixth sense when it comes to danger. I could steal genuine detour signs from some road department shed and set them up in all the right places; I could even add fluorescent orange road-cones and a few of

those smudge-pots. I could do all that and Dolan would still smell the nervous sweat of my hands on the stage dressing. Right through those bullet-proof windows he would smell it. He would close his eyes and hear Elizabeth's name back in the snake-pit that passed for his mind.

The voice that spoke for Elizabeth fell silent, and I thought it had finally given up for the day. And then, with Vegas actually in sight--blue and misty and wavering on the far rim of the desert--it spoke up again.

Then don't try to fool him with a fake detour, it whispered. Fool him by taking away a REAL one.

I swerved the Buick over to the shoulder and shuddered to a stop with both feet on the brake pedal. I stared into my own wide startled eyes in the rear-view mirror.

Inside, the voice that spoke for Elizabeth began to laugh. It was wild, mad laughter, but after a few moments I began to laugh along with it.

3.

The other teachers laughed at me when I joined the Ninth Street Health Club. One of them wanted to know if someone had kicked sand in my face. I laughed along with them. People don't get suspicious of a man like me as long as he keeps laughing along with them. Why shouldn't I laugh? My wife had been dead seven years, hadn't she? Why, she was no more than dust and hair and a few bones in her coffin! So why shouldn't I laugh? It's only when a man like me stops laughing that people wonder if something is wrong.

I laughed along with them even though my muscles ached all that fall and winter. I laughed even though I was constantly hungry--no more second helpings, no more late night snacks, no more beer, no more before-dinner gin and tonic. But lots of red meat and greens, greens, greens.

I bought myself a Nautilus machine for Christmas.

No--that's not quite right. Elizabeth bought me a Nautilus machine for Christmas.

I saw Dolan less frequently; I was too busy working out, losing my pot belly, building up my arms and chest and legs. But there were times when it seemed I could not go on with it, that recapturing anything like real physical fitness was going to be impossible, that I could not live without second helpings and pieces of coffee cake

\*\*\*\*\*



\*\*\*\*\*

DOLAN'S CADILLAC, cont.

and the occasional dollop of sweet cream in my coffee. When those times came I would park across from one of his favorite restaurants or perhaps I would go to one of the clubs he favored and wait for him to show up, stepping from the fog-gray Cadillac with an arrogant, icy blonde or a laughing redhead on his arm--or one on each. There he would be, the man who had killed my Elizabeth, there he would be, resplendent in a formal shirt from Bijan's, his gold Rolex winking in the nightclub lights. When I was tired and discouraged I went to Dolan as a man with a raging thirst might seek out an oasis in the desert. I drank his poisoned water and was refreshed.

In February I began to run every day, and then the other teachers laughed at my bald head, which peeled and pinked and then peeled and pinked again, no matter how much sun-block I smeared on it. I laughed right along with them, as if I had not twice nearly fainted and spent long shuddering minutes with cramps stabbing the muscles of my legs at the end of my runs.

When summer came, I applied for a job with the Las Vegas Streets and Highways Department. The municipal employment office stamped a tentative approval on my form and sent me along to a district foreman named Harvey Blocker. Blocker was a tall man, burned almost black by the Nevada sun. He wore jeans, dusty workboots, and a blue tee-shirt with cut-off sleeves. I AM A HEATHEN, the shirt proclaimed. His muscles were big rolling slabs under his skin. He looked at my application. Then he looked at me and laughed. The application looked very puny rolled up in one of his huge fists.

"You got to be kidding, my friend. We're talking desert sun, desert heat. What are you in real life, bubba? An accountant?

"A teacher," I said. "Third grade."

He laughed again. "Get out of my face."

I had a pocket-watch--handed down from my great grandfather, who worked on the last stretch of the great transatlantic railroad. He was there, according to family legend, when they hammered home the golden spike. I took the watch out and dangled it in Blocker's face on its chain.

"See this?" I said. "Worth six, maybe seven hundred dollars."

"This is a bribe?" Blocker laughed again. A great old laughter was he. "Man, I've heard of people making deals with the devil, but you're the first one I even met who wanted to bribe himself into hell." Now he looked at me with some-

thing like compassion. "I mean, it's hot out there. Especially in the summer. I've seen it go a hundred and seventeen degrees. It makes strong men cry. And you ain't strong, bubba. I don't have to see you with your shirt off to know that."

"It's not a bribe," I said. "The day you decide I can't cut it, I'll walk off the job. You keep the watch. No argument."

"You're a fucking liar."

I looked at him. He looked back for some time.

"You're not a fucking liar." He said this in tones of amazement.

"No."

"You'd give the watch to Tinker to hold?" He cocked his thumb at a humongus black man in a tie-dyed shirt who was sitting nearby in the cab of a bulldozer and listening.

"Is he trustworthy?"

"You're damned tooting."

"Then he can hold it until you tell me to take a hike or until I have to go back to school in September."

"And what do I put up?"

I pointed to the paper in his fist. "Sign that," I said. "That's all."

"You're crazy."

I thought of Dolan and of Elizabeth and said nothing.

"You'd start on shit-work," Blocker warned. "Shovelling hot asphalt out of the back of a truck and into potholes. Not because I want your damned watch--although I'll be more than happy to take it--but because that's where everyone starts."

"All right."

"As long as you understand, bubba."

"I do."

Blocker shook his head. "You don't now," He said. "But you will."

4.

It was hell, all right. He was right about that. I hardly remember anything at all about the first couple of weeks--just shovelling hot-top and tamping it down and walking along behind the truck with my head down until the truck stopped at the next pothole. Sometimes we worked on the Strip and I'd hear the sound of the jackpot bells ringing in the casinos. Sometimes I think the bells were just ringing in my head. I'd look up and I'd see Harvey Blocker looking at me with that odd look of compassion, his face shimmering in the heat off the road. And sometimes I'd look over at Tinker, sitting under the canvas parasol which covered the cab of his 'dozer, and

\*\*\*\*\*



DOLAN'S CADILLAC, cont.

Tinker would hold up my great grandpa's watch and swing it on the chain so it kicked off sunflashes.

The big struggle was not to faint. Somehow I held on. All through June I held on, and the first week of July, and then Blocker sat down next to me one lunch hour while I was eating a sandwich with one shaking hand. I shook sometimes until ten at night. It was the heat. It was either shake or faint, and when I thought of Dolan I somehow managed to keep shaking.

"You still ain't strong, bubba," he said.

"No," I said. "But like the man said, you should have seen the materials I had to start with."

"I keep expecting to look around and see you passed out in the middle of the roadbed and you keep not doing it. But you're gonna."

"No, I'm not."

"Yes you are. If you stay behind the truck with a shovel, you are."

"No."

"Hottest part of the summer still coming on, bubba."

"I'll be fine."

He pulled something out of his pocket. It was my great-granddad's watch. He tossed it in my lap. "Take this fucking thing," he said, disgusted. "I don't want it."

"You made a deal with me."

"I'm calling it off."

"If you fire me, I'll take you to arbitration," I said. "You signed my form. You--"

"I ain't firing you," he said, and looked away. "I'm going to have Tink teach you how to run the front-end loader."

I looked at him for a long time, not knowing what to say. My third-grade classroom, so cool and pleasant, had never seemed so far away...and still I didn't have the slightest idea of how a man like Blocker thought, or what he meant when he said the things he said. I knew that he admired me and held me in contempt at the same time, but I had no idea why he felt either way. And you don't need to care, darling, Elizabeth spoke up suddenly inside my mind. Dolan is your business. Remember Dolan.

"Why do you want to do that?" I asked at last.

He looked back at me then, and I saw he was both furious and amused. But the fury was the emotion on top, I think. "What is it with you, bubba? What do you think I am?"

"I don't--"

"You think I want to kill you for your

fucking watch? That what you think?"

"I'm sorry."

"Yeah, you're sorry, all right. Sorriest little motherfucker I ever saw."

I put my great-granddad's watch away.

"You ain't never gonna be strong, bubba. Some people and plants take hold in the sun. Some wither up and die. You dyin. Why? Why you pulling this crap on your system?"

I said nothing for a long time. "I've got my reasons," I said finally.

"Yeah, I bet you do. And I tell you one thing, bubba."

"What's that?"

"God help anyone in your way."

He got up and walked away.

Tinker came over, grinning.

"You think you can learn to run a front-end loader?"

"I think so," I said.

"I think so, too," he said. Ole Blockhead there likes you--he just don't know how to say so."

"I noticed."

Tinker laughed. "Ain't life grand?" he said, and walked away.

I spent the rest of the summer driving a front-end loader, and when I went back to school that fall, almost as black as Tinker himself, the other teachers stopped laughing at me. Sometimes they looked at me out of the corners of their eyes after I passed, but they had stopped laughing.

I've got my reasons. That's what I told him. And I did. I did not spend that season in hell just on a whim. I had to get in shape, you see. Preparing to dig a grave for a man or a woman may not require such drastic measure, but it was not just a man or woman I had in mind.

It was that damned Cadillac I meant to bury--Dolan's Cadillac.

(To be continued)

\*\*\*\*\*  
Another interview of interest to SK readers can be found in FANGORIA #42. The interview is with both King and Straub and will be continued in the next issue. FANGORIA's address is 475 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016. A one-year subscription is \$16.98 and well-worth it as they often have news of King-related work, especially the movies.  
\*\*\*\*\*  
For those of you interested in the publication ENTERPRISE INCIDENTS SPECIAL on SK, as mentioned last month, editor and primary writer of that publication James Van Hise  
(cont. pg. 8)

\*\*\*\*\*



\*\*\*\*\*  
 The following is by an avid King reader from California who has been a great help to me, spreading word of CASTLE ROCK near and far!

"SHINING" AT THE OVERLOOK HOTEL

by

Teresa Bagnato

What happens when a couple of ardent Stephen King fans discover that his novel, THE SHINING was inspired by a hotel that actually exists, nestled in the rugged Rocky Mountains in Estes Park, Colorado?

Fellow King freaks will remember that the Overlook Hotel was built during the years 1907 through 1909. It served as a playground for the elite during peak summer months, and toyed impishly with the caretaker, Delbert Grady, during the isolated snowbound winter months. Grady developed a lively case of "cabin fever" and had the bad taste to axe up his two young daughters before taking a shotgun to his wife and himself.

Enter the new caretaking family, Jack and Wendy Torrance with their five year old son, Danny. When cautioned during the interview of the previous caretaker's misconduct, Jack assured the manager that there would be no such problem with his taking the position. All he'd ever done was break his kid's arm once, and that had been years ago.

Prior to his father's employment, however, little Danny, who had the gift of the 'shine' (clairvoyance), foresaw a number of problems in the family's relocating to the empty hotel for the winter. Among them was a hazy vision of a monster chasing him through the halls with a roque mallet, and the repeated appearance of the word, REDRUM in his dreams. (Redrum was MURDER spelled backwards, but this was irrelevant to Danny since he couldn't read anyway. We could all guess what happened to that vacation job, even if we HAVEN't read the novel.

When I learned that the Overlook Hotel was, in reality, the Stanley Hotel, and that King really had vacationed there (in room 217 of course), I casually mentioned it to a fellow King fan and suggested we take a run up there some weekend.

"Wendy, Wendy..." he sighed, immediately donning his "Jack Torrance" identity. "You don't JUST take a run up there from Pasadena, California. We'd need a weekend just to get there by car. And we'd HAVE to get Room 217 or it's no go."

A phone call to the Stanley secured the room. The desk clerk, Melba Moore, was quite helpful and informative, asking why it HAD to

be THAT room. When we explained, she responded, "That's what I thought. King DID stay in room 217 here, but the floors of the hotel have been renumbered so that the lobby level is NOW considered the first floor. What used to be the second floor is now the third. In the process, Room 217 has become 340. If you really want the room King wrote about, and the bed he slept in, Room 340 is the way to go." To ease the disappointment she added that the old numbers could still be seen at the bottom of the door.

After reserving the room, which was booked solid four months in advance, we set out to find a realistic looking "Danny" doll. The Torrance family would not be complete without him, so we settled on one of the famed Suzanne Gibson collection. No Cabbage Patcher here, Danny was outfitted in chocolate felt blazer and shorts with matching English riding cap, ascot, white shirt and authentic baby shoes. His limbs were flexible enough to bend should the child require "correction" or perhaps, as Grady had put it, "a bit more."

The local silkscreen shop blazed his name across the back of his jacket, and REDRUM across his cap in blood red letters. A tiny patch with the hotel's actual letterhead sketch of the building was sewed above the blazer pocket. We outfitted ourselves in matching golf shirts with HUGE pictures of the hotel on the back. The lettering read: Shining at the Overlook a.k.a. The Stanley Hotel. Likewise over the pockets we centered a tiny drawing of the hotel, and on the pocket itself: Room 217 a.k.a. Room 340. Caps similar to Danny's were purchased and lettered: Stephen King's Overlook Hotel. My shirt for the second day stated simply: I slept in Stephen King's bed.

We rented the movie, "The Shining" and taped the soundtrack. We planned to tape our entire odyssey, using the eerie music for background with a second tape recorder. Also included in our props were stick-on numbers and letters to alter the hotel door with the a.k.a. #217, and the Shining poster to display over the numbers. After some debate, we eliminated the baseball bat and axe. We'd secured the room for four nights, and wanted to last past the first five minutes at the registration desk.

Of course, the paperback novel was included for handy reference to the hotel's descriptions.

We amused ourselves through the long drive to Colorado by taping the reactions to Danny in restaurants and gas stations along the way. Steadily climbing into vast wilderness, we noted a few road signs with names we recognized from the novel. Among them were Hallorann Summit, Sidewinder Road and more than a few Scenic Overlooks. The real thrill began when we crossed

\*\*\*\*\*



SHINING, cont'd.

Arapahoe Street where the Torrance family lived in Boulder. From that point on, the air grew thinner and crisper, and as King had put "we were actually IN the mountains, no goofing around."

After a series of S curves, the rock walls did indeed fall away, disclosing a slash valley lined with Rocky Mountain pine and spruce, just as King had described. When we passed the waterfall we knew we were close to the hotel. With the diabolical music wailing, we set the second tape on record when the hotel finally came into view from the Scenic Turnout. "That's it," Jack said, reading directly from the book, and pointed at 11:00.

If ever there was a hotel fit to house an army of ghosts, this WAS the building. From the guardrail of the turnout, it did appear to be set directly into the slope of the mountain, and we noted the perfect exactness of King's description from this vantage point. Clinging pines did give way to a wide square of perfectly manicured lawn. Gazing at the hotel with it's many windows and lights shining down over Estes Park, I felt a shiver travel up my spine.

The dreadful music continued to play as we recorded our approach to the hotel, and began the long drive up the macadamized driveway. Pulling up in the turnaround King had described, we realized we were in the employee parking lot. Here, Dick Halloran had had his final talk with Danny before leaving for Florida. The GUEST parking was by the EAST wing of the hotel. (Bad boy, Steve. You didn't tell us that.) We turned around to make the wide arc around the front of the hotel lawn, back down to the main road and back up the other side.

Continued next month...

Find out more about The Stanley. Do they survive their visit intact? Do they find anything in the tub? Is this a vacation you would dare to take?

Continued from page 6...

wrote to tell us that ENTERPRISE INCIDENTS is available from him at 14156 Tobiasson Rd., Poway, CA 09064 for \$4.50 postpaid. He says it was intended for the casual reader as well as the die-hard fan, and we would certainly recommend it to both.

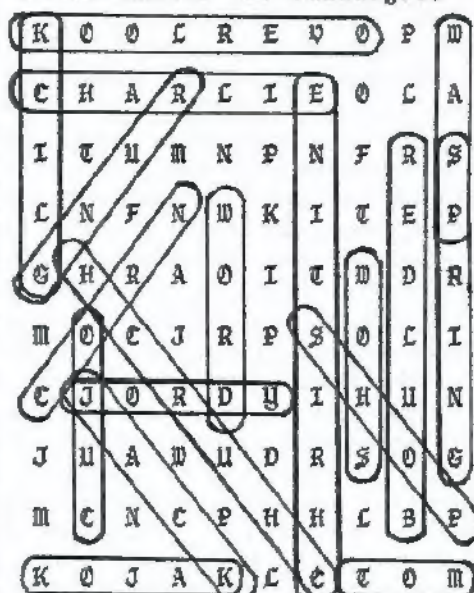
Next month...more of DOGAN'S CADILLAC...more about The Stanley Hotel...another cartoon (cartoonists are discovering King, I think... he is truly a brand name) a secret revealed at long last...

If you have friends interested in CASTLE ROCK, I will send a copy of the first issue to anyone who sends an SASE. Everyone who subscribed before February will have their subscription extended through February 1986. In other words, 13 months for the price of 12...

# TRIVIA ANSWERS for January...

1. John Swithen
2. Anthony
3. Red Zingers
4. Creepshow, Knightriders
5. Chamberlain
6. The Dead Zone, Tuja
7. Carrie
8. Carietta
9. Blaze
10. Jerusalem's Lot

## PUZZLE answer for January...



- |             |               |
|-------------|---------------|
| 1. Overlook | 10. Jack      |
| 2. Tuja     | 11. Kajak     |
| 3. Jordy    | 12. Charlie   |
| 4. Shop     | 13. Rung      |
| 5. Glick    | 14. Ward      |
| 6. Tum      | 15. Christine |
| 7. Wasp     | 16. Curn      |
| 8. Spring   | 17. show      |
| 9. Church   | 18. Boulder   |

CASTLE ROCK is published monthly by Stephanie Leonard. All material copy right © Stephanie Leonard unless otherwise indicated. Subscription price is \$12 a year, BOX 8183, BANGOR ME 0440